

The Wisdom of the Young .: . By T. S. Allen.



"That little girl wants to speak to you."
"I know it; but dis is leap year, an' I ain't tak-
ing no chances!"

"Save me, Johnnie!"
"Aw, I've saved yer three times already! G'wan
'n wade out!"

Kid—I'll have youse broke for dis!

"What's the?"
"Aw, Dutchie dere says he's a better man dan
me 'cause he kin cuss in two languages!"

"De Judge said my paw was de biggest tank in
de ward."
"Aw, shut up; ye're always bragging about yer
family!"

Kirk Wins Vera and Pot of Gold

The Landship Fortuna Turns
Homeward with Survivors of
the Great Treasure Hunt.

The Adventurer

BY
Lloyd Osbourne.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lewis Kirkpatrick (known as "Kirk") is
captain of an expedition arranged by West-
brook, a scientist, to find gold in the buried
South American city of Assandari. They
sail thither in a great landship, the Fortuna,
and transport the treasure from city to ship
in automobiles. Kirk, with two other men
and Vera Westbrook, to whom he is en-
gaged, is on one of these auto trips when
the Fortuna is beset by savages and forced
to flee. As Kirk and his comrades are fol-
lowing the ship, their car breaks down. How-
ever, signals from the ship tell that all on
board are safe.

CHAPTER XXX.

(Continued.)

The Signals.

THERE was no time to waste in
further congratulations. The
pressing need was to answer
the ship, and so systematize their
work that it should be as little
cumbersome as possible. The engineer,
with a charcoal skin that had been used
for straining gasoline, was appointed
signaller; Vera, timer; Henderson, re-
corder; Kirk, sender and decipherer. By
this division the laboriousness of the
task was lessened, and though it was
impossible to make it anything but
tedious and slow, the results were surer
and much confusion was eliminated.

"Twenty-five, five, nineteen," an-
swered Kirk. "Yes."

The signals ceased on either side, and
soon after the ship's light sank, flick-
ered and went out. Their own, too,
was extinguished, and with it seemed
to go the stars.

Kirk awoke with warm raindrops pat-
tering in his face. The hoarse note of a
squall broke on his ears. He sat up, and
even as he did so the heavens detonated
with terrific explosions, and flash after
flash of lightning lit the slumbering fig-
ures about him. They were on their
feet in an instant and clustered about
him; the rain descended in torrents and
the wind whistled and shrieked. Wet to
the skin, clinging to one another to
withstand the violent gusts, apprehen-
sive every moment of being struck by
the lightning that incessantly played
about them, they waited in misery for
the squall to pass and vent its rage
on the black night beyond.

The Squall.

At dawn the weather horizon was
wild and stormy and part of it hidden
by fiercely advancing curtains of rain.
Suddenly through the gloom of an
oncoming squall, as unexpected and
startling as the fabled phantasm that
haunts the stormy seas below the Cape,
there loomed into view the towering
masts and closely reefed sails of the
Fortuna, driving madly on the wings
of the gale. Gesticulating figures point-
ed wildly at them. The boatswain's
whistle piped shrilly. Men were rushing
to their stations and letting everything
fly. The huge brakes screamed as steel
was ground to steel and the enormous
fabric slowed and stopped.

A ladder was thrown over her side.
Bearded faces could be seen, cheering
and clattering in a yellow, glittering
mass of olivines and sou'westers. From
the bridge others were darting down,
their voices lost in the bursting of the
squall which at this moment opened
with all the roar of heaven's artillery.
Lightning flashed and forked, thunder
pealed. The wind swelled to fury and
howled through the rigging as though
it carried the very masts before it.

Kirk supported Vera in his arms
and, preceded by Crawshaw and Hen-
derson, the little party struggled against
the blast and toiled laboriously across
the cable's length that separated them
from the ship. They painfully mounted
the ladder, their muddy feet slipping
on its rungs, their icy hands hardly
able to hold the wet and slippery rope.
One by one they reached the rail and
more, more, more, to be swallowed

up in a mad hurly-burly of streaming
olivines.

A few minutes later the Fortuna, un-
der storm trysail and triple-reefed
foretopsails, was tearing her way
through the dark and flooded liano.
Homeward bound!

CHAPTER XXXI. Homeward Bound.

THE gale held. The Fortuna out-
did herself. Every bit of day-
light was taken advantage of,
and she was pressed to the utmost.
On the afternoon of their third day out,
as they drew near Felicidad, it was
decided to lighten her of every super-
fluous ounce of weight in the hope of
getting her in by dusk.

"Land ho!"
"Where away?"
"Three points on the starboard bow!"
The Fortuna rolled on majestically,
disdaining to shorten sail or slacken
her headway by an inch. Kirk aimed
her at the centre of the settlement, de-
termined to bring her up, all standing,
in the great court itself.

"There was a grinding jar, the groan of
metal on metal, a shrill screech dying
to a moan.

The ponderous wheels slowly came to
rest.

The voyage was over.
A wailing voice from the merry,
noisy, hilarious crowd below yelled out:
"What ship's that?"

Then came the answer in a stentorian
voice:
"Topsail schooner Fortuna, Capt.
Kirkpatrick!"

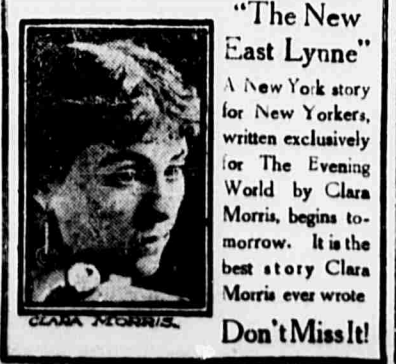
"Where from?"
"Three days out of Cassiquari, in
treasure!"
Wicks, elbowing vigorously, forced his
way up to Kirk.

"What orders, captain?" he asked, in
his usual blunt, cool, sailorlike way.

"My dear old chap," said Kirk, "I
have given my last order, and the only
captain I know now is this young lady.
I've signed on for a life's cruise, and
all you have to do is to wish me luck!"
"With all my heart, sir," cried Wicks.
"And if I may take the liberty—may
God bless you both!"

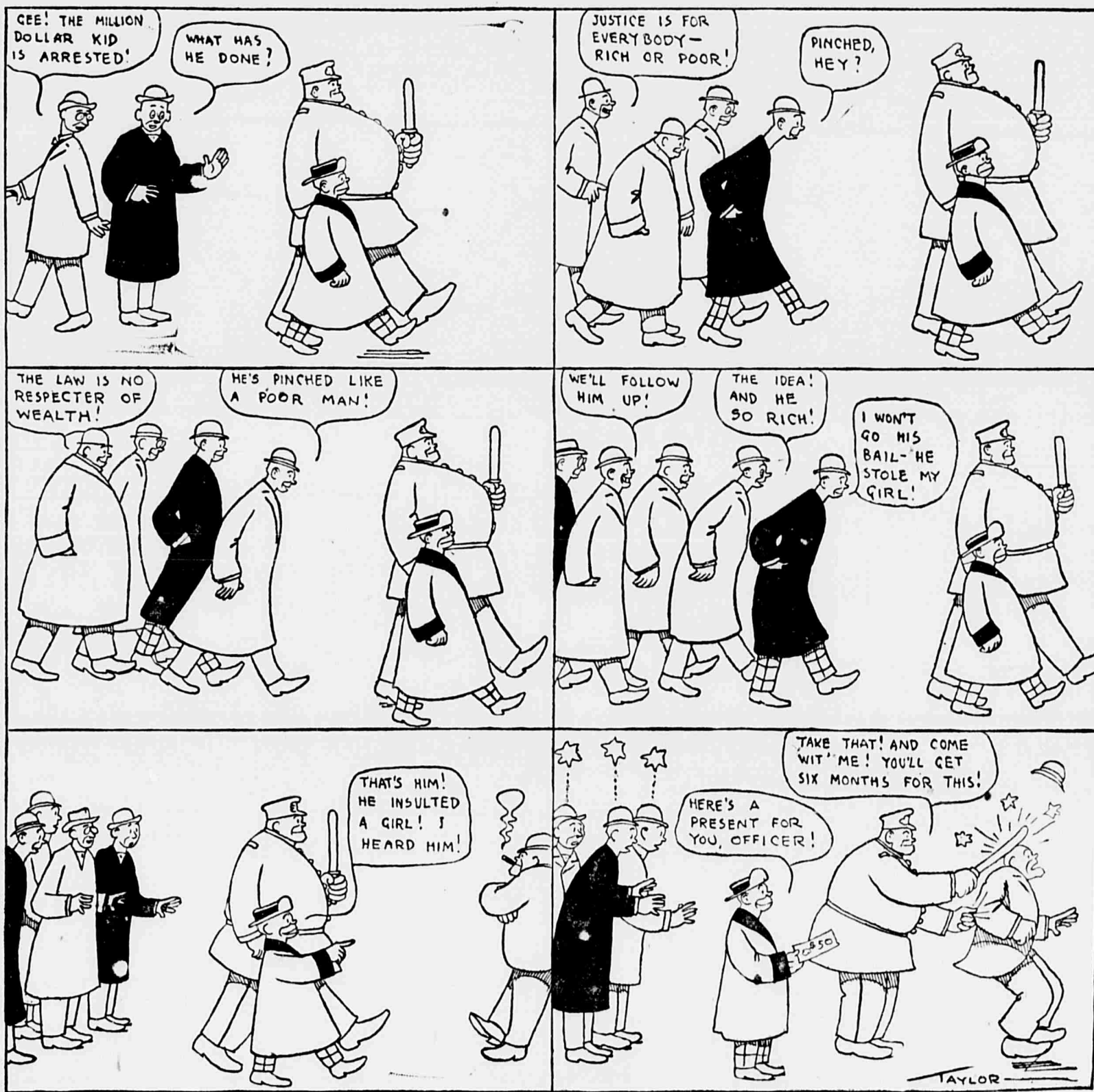
Kirk's share was \$37,000. He invested
\$400,000 in first-class securities and de-
voted the odd \$37,000 to his honeymoon.
Vera and he worked their hardest to
spend it, but had to admit at last, with
great reluctance, that the task seemed
beyond them. They were both of sim-
ple tastes and, as Kirk remarked,
neither of them had been expensively
enough educated. He did try a valet,
but the creature got so confoundedly
on his nerves, and added so much fuss
and formality to existence, that he was
glad to dismiss him. After a few
months' wandering in Europe they re-
turned to America and settled on Long
Island in order that Kirk might be
close to the works in Jersey City. He
goes there every day in a small steam
yacht, and on summer afternoons Vera
is usually aboard to meet him on his
return. It must be admitted that among
their fashionable neighbors there were
people, in spite of their romantic his-
tory, who go out but seldom, and do
not care to extend a very narrow ac-
quaintance.

THE END.



"The New
East Lynne"
A New York story
for New Yorkers,
written exclusively
for The Evening
World by Clara
Morris, begins to-
morrow. It is the
best story Clara
Morris ever wrote.
Don't Miss It!

The Million-Dollar Kid



Betty Vincent Gives Advice On Courtship and Marriage

Ignore His Postals.

Dear Betty:
KEPT company four years ago with
a young grocerman. We had a
couple of quarrels because he wanted
my mother to buy more groceries from
him than she needed. I have not seen
him since. He had another girl before
me and he treated her just the same.
He now sends me postals without sign-
ing his name. What shall I do? Do
you think he cares for me? S. S. M.

A Difference in Religion.

Dear Betty:
I AM in love with a young man who
is two months younger than I, and
I know he loves me, too. We are of
different religions. Do you think this
should be an obstacle to our marriage?
WORRIED.

She Is Too Cold.

Dear Betty:
I AM engaged to a young lady of nine-
teen. I am eleven years her senior.
I love her dearly, but she does not
seem to love me. The more I speak of
love to her the less she seems to care
for me. She is a home-loving, quiet
girl. I have complained to her parents
about her demeanor. They tell me she
loves me, but is unable to show it.

He Loves Her Again.

Dear Betty:
FOUR years ago I kept company with
a young man. We quarrelled and I
have not seen him since. He sends
me postal cards now, but does not sign
his name to them. Still I know they are
from him, as I know his handwriting.

Marriage Questions.

Dear Betty:
A young man lives in Jersey and his
fiancee in Brooklyn, where must the
license be secured? How long in
advance of the wedding? Are mar-
riages legally performed on Sunday by
a priest or minister? A. M. F.

Should See Her Home.

Dear Betty:
WHEN leaving a girl friend to go
home, and I meet my fiance, is it
proper for him to leave his gen-
tlemen friends to see me home?

Offer Your Arm.

Dear Betty:
IS it proper and customary for a
young man to take a lady's arm
while escorting her home from a
social gathering or theatre late at
night, the lady being only a friend or
some one whom you have just met that
evening? A. K.

It is customary for the lady to take
the man's arm. However, this is not
necessary if they are merely acquaint-
ances.

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By R. W. Taylor

All Take a Jab At Matrimony

Boarding House Tess Doesn't
Believe in Poking Fun at So
Serious a Game.



"WHAT is the reason everybody's poking fun at the
new marriage license law?" I asked Tess last
evening, at the same time removing what ap-
peared to be a section of the subway from the bread.

"You'd better try the next counter," she replied, calmly
ignoring an elderly lady at the head of the table who was
trying to attract her attention by playing an anvil chorus
on the plates. "It always gets me why people make an
easy mark of marriage and take a jab at everything that
goes with it. Ain't I right? Pick up any paper, turn over
to the funny cracks, and you'll find nearly all of them
about marriage."

"Take in a show, and what do you get? Something
in a suit of clothes wanders out before the footlights and
grinds out a spiel like this: 'When I married my wife she
was so sweet I felt like eating her.' We're married six years now, and I'm sorry
I didn't eat her." And he gets a large, noisy hand from the audience.

"But it isn't only the papers and the musical burglars who are guilty.
Everybody's the same; always there with a dent for marriage."

"Take Mrs. Starve-em. Every time she hears some girl on her list is wear-
ing a flash on the third finger she gets poor Violet in a quiet corner and hands
her this gentle game: 'I am very glad, my dear, you have decided to fight life's
battle hand in hand with such a brave and handsome protector, the dear image
of my first husband; let me kiss you. Life to you, I suppose (as it once did to
me) looks like a nickel glass ball on a Christmas tree, far out of reach of the
cat; but you little dream, poor child, of the sad awakening coming your way in a
short while and the terrible life you'll lead, the same as every other poor mar-
ried woman. I know, for I've been through the gates three times.'"

"Now, isn't that a lovely bunch of congratulations to hand out to a nice
little girl who thinks George Washington looks like her Only-Only?"

"But here's the funny part of the argument: When No. 2 crashed in the old
lady swore at every meal she'd never take up the reins again, but poor hubby was
hardly through telling St. Peter how it happened, when she was setting a trap
for old whiskering over there killing the bread."

"You know that little brown-eyed bald builder on the third floor front? Well,
she went downtown last week with her future meat ticket to get a license, and
from what she says it's a pretty stiff game to run up against. They stood there
three hours, breathing everything but air. Some newspaper detectives poked
her off with a camera, and the other night her face was in four papers. There
she was as large as life in the centre of a gang of language twisters, and the
moment you took a peek at their faces you'd button up your coat."

"While she was in the line a fluffy Henrietta waltzed in, dragging a young
fellow by the collar. There was an awful crowd, and when she saw the line she
raised a loud howl about this being a free country and having to stand in line
to cough up a dollar to buy somebody an automobile. She felt so bad about it
he told her to drift outside into the park and take a look at all the pretty
flowers with their winter coats on, promising to call her when he got in sight
of the window."

"After a lot of coaxing from the crowd she went out, but she had hardly tasted
the blue air when she should come along but her first heart disturber, with an
invite to two-step over to Jersey, where there's no line and few questions asked,
and sign the papers; and so, like the veteran of three wars that Mrs. Starve-em
gave a five dollar bill to yesterday to get changed, she never came back."

"That's too bad," I remarked sympathetically, watching for an opportunity
to invade the pickles. "I suppose the poor fellow standing in line waited and
waited until the office closed, and then went away broken hearted, eh?"

"Broken hearted, fish cakes!" she replied, tightly screwing the cover on the
ketchup bottle, much to the chagrin of a youngster opposite. "There were two
doors to the place, and Henrietta was hardly out of one when he was shaking
hands with the other."

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